

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

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SAMPLE COPIES.

We send a number of sample copies of this week's issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to those who are not subscribers to the paper, but who should be interested in it. We ask every one who receives a copy to give it careful examination, and compare it with other family weeklies. We are sure they will find it a better paper for themselves and families than any other that they can find. It is a superior paper in every respect, and constantly strives to lead all the other publications in the country by the higher quality of the matter it furnishes its readers. It spends more money in getting up a paper of the highest possible class than any other, and all matter which appears in its columns is written especially for it. It has no "boiler plate" stuff or syndicate matter. It is bright, live, able, progressive, and independent. It takes no party, and has no entangling alliances with any men or faction. It aims only to represent the loyal, working, progressive people of the country, to tell the truth of history, and champion the cause of the men whose valor and blood made the country as great and prosperous as it is.

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ARTICLES FORTHCOMING.

THE VICTORY IN THE WILDERNESS. By David McKim.

L. A. Grant, commander of the brigade, and late Assistant Secretary of War.

THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS, OR SEVEN PINES. By David McKim.

Plotted, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Me., and afterward Major-General of Volunteers.

FINDING ON FORT SUMTER. A thrilling story of a young Ohio mechanic who was in Charleston at the time, and was compelled to join the rebels, but who afterwards escaped and served three years in a Union regiment.

THE BATTLE OF POISON SPRING. By David McKim.

Wily Britton, late of the War Department, and author of "The Civil War on the Border," etc.

IN AND OUT OF CHARLESTON. By David McKim.

A young Connecticut man, who was caught in Charleston at the opening of hostilities.

THE GREAT MORGAN RAID. A True History of the Capture of Gen. John H. Morgan by the Cavalry—Major Geo. W. Pres.

9th Ky. Cav.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT TO RICHMOND. By David McKim.

6th N. Y. Engineers.

COL. FOREY'S INDIAN FIGHT ON THE ARICKARIE. By David McKim.

Kato, Kan.

NATIONAL TRIBUNE PORTRAIT CARDS.

Every veteran who is going to the National Encampment, or who is going to make a trip anywhere this Summer among his friends, wants a package of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Portrait Cards. They are the best souvenirs of himself that he can leave among his friends, since they give not only his picture, as good as a photograph, but his company, regiment, G. A. R. Post, and present residence. A package of 100 of these will be printed and sent to any address for \$2, just the cost of the most ordinary G. A. R. cards. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for one year and a package of the cards for \$2.50. Send a good photograph with the order. The photograph will be returned, if desired.

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We will again furnish first-class return-trip tickets to the National Encampment for clubs of subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE or THE AMERICAN FARMER. Go to work at once soliciting subscribers for both these. Send us for all the sample copies you may need, and notify us that such subscribers as you send in are to be applied on your ticket. Write us as to how many subscribers you must secure. You can easily provide yourself with a ticket in this way.

A FREE SILVER MANIFESTO.

The outcome of the deliberations of the Free Silver Republicans at Manitou, Colo., is a remarkably weak document signed by Senators Teller, Dubois and Lee Mantle, and by Messrs. Hartman, Wilson, Shaffroth and Stevenson. It is said that Senators Pettigrew and Cannon are also in entire sympathy with it, but that they could not be present to sign it. The manifesto attempts to press Free Silver to the front as the overshadowing issue of the present moment, but fails lamentably to give any logical or other reason why it should dominate all others. Its feebleness of presentation and reasoning is a surprise to all who have hitherto believed in Senator Teller as a man of unusual ability. Of course, nothing of particular intellectual strength was expected from Dubois or Lee Mantle, or the other signers, who are merely bustling politicians, in small communities. The key-note of the manifesto is the following statement:

Gold monometallism means the shifting of gold alone as the primary money of all the business of commerce and credit formerly borne by gold and silver, and as the world's stock of these metals has always been about equal in amount it means doubling the burden upon gold.

This statement is not true in any of its parts, and, consequently, is grossly untrue as a whole. In the first place, gold has "borne the burden of credit and commerce," in all the centuries since commerce and credit have been reduced to something like the modern system. To be more specific, this country has virtually never been on anything but a gold basis. Though the silver dollar appeared from time to time as one of the units of exchange, the business of the country has always been done on a gold basis. This fact, which is easily demonstrable, takes the cornerstone right out from the whole Free Silver edifice. The first fact bearing on this is that, up to 1873, there had been only 8,000,000 silver dollars coined while there had been more than \$800,000,000 in gold coined. That is, more than 100 gold dollars had been coined, for every silver dollar turned out by our mints. This is a conclusive statement, and, as we said before, undermines and overthrows the whole "historical argument" for silver.

For decades before the war, all balances were settled in gold, banks redeemed their notes in gold, the Southern planters sold their cotton for gold, the United States paid its troops, officials and debts for supplies in gold, and received its revenues from customs, taxes, and the sales of land in gold. The silver dollar was scarcely ever seen. There were a few Mexican and Spanish dollars and many minor pieces in circulation among the people, but these almost invariably bought and sold and paid their debts either in bank notes, presumably redeemable in gold or in gold coin. Every man now living, who was old enough to be in any business before the war, will testify that he saw or handled \$1,000 in gold to one silver dollar. During and after the war our greenbacks were measured solely in gold. No one thought of saying how much a greenback was worth in silver. It was its gold value that interested everybody. It was not until 10 years after the war and 100 years after the establishment of our Government that the great cheapening of silver led the class of men who are always trying to get a dollar for less than a dollar to think about substituting the silver dollar for the gold dollar.

Next, we shall best consider the statement that the "stock of these metals has always been about equal in amount," by confining ourselves to the statistics of our own country. Our figures are taken from the report of the Director of the Mint: Prior to 1844 we produced scarcely any silver in this country. The product of gold from the mines in Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia was, however, quite considerable, for the times, and ran up some years as high as \$1,200,000. In 1844 our production of silver began to rise, amounting that year to 40,000 ounces, worth \$50,000. It continued at this figure for about 10 years, or until silver began to be found in connection with gold in California. In the meanwhile our production of gold had run up rapidly until in 1853 it reached the enormous figure of \$65,000,309. Silver still remained insignificant in amount. In 1858 it ran up to 327,000 ounces but the next year dropped back to 77,000 ounces. Rich mines and new processes of working were soon discovered, and in 1861 it leaped up to 1,547,000 ounces, while the gold placers began to show symptoms of exhaustion. In 1862

3,480,500 ounces, or more than double that of the previous year, were produced. The next year it doubled again—6,574,300 ounces, and kept on increasing until by 1872 it had reached 27,651,000, or more than the whole annual average production of the world for a century previous. It kept rising with the same speed until by 1891 the production was 58,330,000 ounces, and 140,865,000 ounces in the whole world. In other words, in 1891 the United States production of silver was 1,450 times what it was in 1844, and the production in the whole world was nearly six times what it had been. This shows that Senator Teller's statement is hardly within seeing distance of the truth.

It also shows to any one who will think but very little on the subject that any metal, the production of which is capable of such rapid and limitless expansion, is ridiculously unsuited to the purposes of a standard of value. And there is no telling where the end would be. The production of silver was checked in 1891 by the rapid fall in price. It was then worth 87 cents an ounce, but several hundred million ounces have since been produced at much lower prices, and the probability is that a very slight increase in price would more than double the production.

Senator Teller and the silver ring, which he represents, must think the American people absolute fools to be led astray by such palpable misstatements.

The leading spirit in the Free Silver party is Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, who has always been one of the most dangerous enemies the country has had. He was a leader in the Jeff Davis cabal which set out deliberately to poison the minds of the people of the South and bring on the rebellion. A large majority of the people of Tennessee were firmly opposed to Secession. They cast a majority of 80,000 against it. But Jeff Davis and Isham G. Harris were determined that the State should go out. They filled Tennessee full of rebel troops, called the Legislature in extra session, dragged it into declaring that war existed, stole the educational fund to arm and equip rebel regiments, and then organized a hellish persecution of all loyal Tennesseans. Harris has always been proud of his share in that infamy. What, that is good for the country, can be expected from a party controlled by such a man? He claims the Convention at Chicago to be "the consummation of his life work." That ought to be sufficient to damn it in the eyes of all patriotic men.

The consolidated report of the Adjutant-General of the Sons of Veterans for the quarter ended March 31, 1896, shows some gain over the previous quarter, and enough to give reason for belief that the Order has reached its lowest point in membership, and will now go on increasing in geometrical ratio. We are very confident that when the Sons of Veterans once begin to really grow, and we are looking for that to happen any day, the Order will develop with the utmost rapidity. It will grow as the corn crop is growing these hot days in the fertile fields, so that the growth can be noted from hour to hour. The idea of the Order is so good, its objects praiseworthy, the need of it so clear, and the material from which it can be built up so abundant that it will have a phenomenal development when it is once fairly started. Let the brethren take courage and go forward.

GEN. DAN SICKLES says that he was never in the habit of using blank cartridges in the presence of the enemy, so he will not waste a vote on any third candidate, but cast it for Wm. McKinley, whom he knows was a good soldier, is a true patriot, and will maintain the honor of the country.

It has been developed that in a recent extensive railroad deal, Gov. Altgeld was careful to provide that his share of the bonds should be payable in gold.

A COMPLETE revolution in sentiment regarding the Raines Law is taking place in New York, and it is growing rapidly in favor.

THE weakest point in the Free Silver argument is the failure to account for the steady rise in wages since silver was demonetized.

REBELLION, repudiation and anarchy held carnival when Bryan was nominated.

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THE SAME OLD CROWD.

The same old crowd are found under the banners of the Free Silver party.

There are the men who, when the greenbacks were issued as a means of helping save the Nation, denounced them furiously as "Lincoln rags" and "Abolition shin-plasters." They could not conceal their delight at the depreciation of the money, whenever a battle went against the Union forces; they aided and abetted the "gold gamblers" in New York, who were pounding down the value of the money until a greenback dollar was only worth 39 cents. They gleefully predicted the time when a workman "would take his money to market in a basket, and bring home what he bought with it in his pocket-book."

Then, after the war closed, they were for repudiating the greenbacks and the bonds altogether, and fought vindictively for years on that issue.

Next, they wanted to pay off all the bonds in greenbacks, and for years sang the same song they are singing now, except that "greenbacks" is succeeded by "Free Silver."

Next, when we wanted to redeem the National honor, fulfill our promises to pay, and put the finances of the country on a sound basis, where every man getting a dollar for his day's work, or his bushel of wheat, would know precisely what value he was getting, we found them all lined up against us and resumption of specie payments.

Now they have a new song, but it is the same men who are singing it. They want to flood the country with debased dollars, the value of which only the infinite wisdom of God can determine. There is probably as much silver in the mines of this country as there is lead or copper. There are really more silver mines in sight than copper or lead mines. It is only a question of the cost and profit of working these mines. We know how immensely the cost of this work has been reduced by the introduction of dynamite, and the diamond drill, and the development of scientific processes of reduction. Within a comparatively few years the production of silver in the United States was increased about fifteen hundred-fold. If sufficient inducement were given it would doubtless be increased that much again within a very few years. What would silver dollars be worth then? What would silver be worth now, if all the silver known to be already mined and stored up in this country should be taken to the mints and converted into dollars?

How much benefit would a man's little pension be to him if paid in these debased dollars?

How much would the workingman get for his day's skilled labor?

How much would the man or woman have who has been working and saving for years to lay by a little hoard to provide against a rainy day, and the inevitable time of sickness and burial?

How much would all these have who have been depositing in savings banks, or paying premiums on life and fire insurance?

What a pleasure it would be to the gang which has been fighting pensions and pensioners all these years to see every pension not only cut in two, but that half again cut in two again by the cunning device of free and unlimited coinage of silver!

Leaving aside every other consideration, the very fact of the composition of the party which is most vociferous for Free Silver is sufficient to chill the heart of every veteran and friend of a veteran, of every man who remembers the past history and efforts of the leading advocates of Free Silver.

What can we as veterans, or the country, hope for men whom we have had to fight all our lives to prevent their doing the gravest injury, in one way or another, to the country which we love so dearly.

All that is necessary is for us to look at the Harrises, the Vests, the Joneses, the Altgelds, and their clans, to know what to expect from them, no matter what flag they carry, or what principles they may for the moment advocate.

It is not partisanship to resist these men, but patriotism.

ALL ABOUT MAJ. MCKINLEY.

Everybody wants to know all about Maj. McKinley. The very best compendium of this knowledge is THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE LIBRARY'S "Life of Maj. McKinley," by John McElroy. It gives all the facts about the Republican candidate in an authoritative form and in the most compact shape. Sent to any address on receipt of five cents. Thirty copies sent to one address for \$1.

TRIBUNETS.

He looks' bird singin' in the top of the tree,
He singin' right at me,
He singin' right at me!
He say: "I beat you rizin',
Fo' de sun was in yo' do',
Cuz he say de sun was in yo' do',
Dah's w'y I'm singin' so!"
Go long, lazy nigger!
You mighty pow'ful slow!
You'll never ketch a worm
Ef you don't git up on go!"
He say haw' haw' haw',
In the elements so free,
He he holler right at me,
He holler right at me!
He say: "I beat you rizin',
Fo' de sun was in yo' do',
Cuz he say de sun was in yo' do',
Dah's w'y I'm singin' so!"
Go long, lazy nigger!
You mighty pow'ful slow!
You'll never ketch a chicken
Ef you don't git up on go!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A compliment is largely a question of age. To call a woman a hen arouses her rage. To call her daughter a chick delights her. To term the mother a hen with excites her. The same to her daughter spites her. Likeness to a cat the mother insults. Compared to a kitten the maiden exalts.

San Francisco Argonaut: The latest story of German "thrill" is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, who charged for the wear and tear his books suffered at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny. "See here," he said, "there's a hole on page 19 of my beautiful book. And see here," he went on, turning over the leaf, "there's another on page 20."

San Francisco Argonaut: President Lincoln reached Meade station, near Petersburg, soon after a serious battle, in which about 2,000 Confederates were made prisoners. Gen. Meade and Col. Geo. D. Ruggles accompanied him. On their way to Headquarters they rode to a point where they could see the large assemblage of prisoners. Among them were many colored servants and laborers. "Mr. Lincoln," said Gen. Meade, "I guess that Ruggles did not overestimate the number of men captured."

Mr. Lincoln deliberately stopped his horse and surveyed the motley crowd. "Yes, General, the number is there, in black and white."

Cincinnati Enquirer: It is simply astonishing the way the bicycle is displacing the horse. "It is, indeed. Only yesterday I found a piece of rubber tire in my sausage."

Exchange: Post—Is the editor in? Office Boy—No, he ain't. Post—How do you know he's not? Office Boy—By your looks.

New York Press: First Summer Girl—Are you going to that old Christian Endeavor meeting this evening? Second Summer Girl—Yes, indeed; haven't you heard the subject to be discussed? First Summer Girl—No; what is it? Second Summer Girl—"How to Hold Our Young Men."

"Boils," said the landlady, "are a sign of constitutional weakness."

"Just so, when your coffee boils, madam," said the Habitué Grumbler.

Truth: "Let me be the blindest thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of a molar. "I want to poke it full of sugar and see it ache."

New York Weekly: Mrs. Minks (severely)—George, there is an account in the paper about a business man leaving his wife and running off with a pretty typewriter girl. Mr. Minks—Indeed?

"Yes; and it's the third account of the kind I've seen this week."

"That doesn't interest me."

"It does me. You have a pretty typewriter girl in your office?"

"No, we haven't. My partner eloped with her last week."

A good one on Bland. The telegraph reported that Bland, during the Chicago Convention, was "at home pruning his grapevines." Horny-handed farmers immediately thought if that were true he is as bad a horticulturist as financier. No intelligent man prunes grapevines in July.

Truth: Max—I swear to heaven that you are the first woman I ever kissed. Della (with a sigh)—That's the trouble with this miserable season of year. One has to break in so much new material, and for some other Summer girl's benefit, likely as not.

Truth: She—Oh, Jack, do you know that Mr. Gilson prosecuted his tire yesterday? He—You mean punctured, my dear. She—Anyhow, he came to a full stop.

New York Press: Destiny hasn't laid throw up its contract with Grover Cleveland.

Chicago Times-Herald: If Samson had had Tillman's jawline he would not have left a Philistine alive.

PERSONAL.

After the war Gen. W. W. Averell, the cavalry leader, became United States Consul-General for British North America, by appointment from President Johnson. Of course, he was turned out as soon as Gen. Grant became President, for Grant had little liking for Averell. Averell then turned his attention to the paving business. Averell paving had gotten a very black eye, owing to the failure of several attempts to introduce that system into this country; but Averell got hold of a Belgian named De Smedt, who claimed to be a professor of chemistry, an expert in asphalt, and the inventor of a very superior style of paving. Averell bought his patent, employed him, and got Gen. McClellan, Gilmore, and Wright to go in with him. They lost \$40,000 in paving several portions of New York streets with their pavement, which almost immediately went to pieces. Averell still retained his faith in asphalt, and in De Smedt, whom he retained as an employee, and went about experimenting and patenting. Finally a practicable pavement was secured, but De Smedt deserted Averell and went over to the opposition paving, concern. Averell began suit against the opposition, and has been fighting it stubbornly down to the present time. Recently he was given judgment in one case for \$476,197.18, which was his share of the profits of the work done in paving the city of Buffalo. This is his first victory, and is a starter for the company he is using has been doing substantially all the paving in the country, and it opens up a prospect for several millions for the old cavalryman.

Ex-Gov. Geo. Anthony is dying at Topeka, Kan., of kidney disease. He is 71 years old, and was Governor of Kansas from 1877 to 1879.

If you want a perfect knowledge of the situation in Cuba, send for No. 9, NATIONAL TRIBUNE LIBRARY.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

BY CHARLES B. CADDY, FREDERICKSON, ILL.

Ye Sovereign God of Years—fast feeling years—
Revered with time and reverential tears,
Proclaim the Nation's feast—oh holy, all divine—
Love's altar the banquet-board—the heart its shrine.

We have the lips at memory's exhaustless stream,
Whose rippling chants the burden of Love's theme;
We linger at the foot, and read the bowed head
Upon the staff of Time, with our immortal dead.

We close our eyes, and visions away our minds;
On every patriot grave, kissed by the gentle winds
Of heaven, we see the Flag of Glory float
By loving hands, and wreathed with honor's coronet.

From sea to sea—from lake to golf—in one grand
Phalanx, the snow-white slabs like silent sentinels
Stand proudly to the sun, where all may stop and read
We, epitaph, and wonder at so vast an army of the dead.

We are engraved upon the totem scroll of fame
In bold relief, an illustrious Captain's name;
Through mists of thought we see a bronzed and
furnished face,
Of tinged with sparkling wit—of dignified, yet
homely, grace—

A towering form, of brawny arms, under whose
weight
Was treason crushed—a giant hand that grasped
the wheel of state
And steered to land, tho' rough the troubled sea,
For wisdom in the dark and trying hour,
on bended knee

He sought the Omnipotent God of Power and might;
He saw the dawn of peace sink into darkest night;
When treason's bloody hand held the dagger between
The goal and him! Thus closed the dreadful scene.

Whom memory we celebrate—thus passed from
life a sage—
A prophet, who rose to his full height when
The fearful summons came; a priest, a king of men,
Midst all these recollections, undimmed with age,
to-day

We breathe the harvest-offering of the May,
Sweet flowers, supremely beautiful and bright,
Yet born to fade, even with the touch of night.
All nature smiles in harmony with the scene—
The stately oak, the lowly shrub, with vernal air
serene;

The bright-eyed dandelion unbids render its
golden head,
And glides the path—and all—all pay tribute to the
dead.

The grove, now carpeted, reverberates no sound
To his name—his name is hushed in holy ground;
The trees, whose leafy branches fan the air
Like scapular wings; the birds now sweetly chant
their
Silver notes of praise; the sweet-breathed flower
Translates anew the living sentiment of the hour.

There comes to us through whispering air
From the silent mounds on battlefields far,
Like an angel of peace, with shield and armor
bright,
And soft acclaim, "All is quiet on the Potomac to-
night."

There is no rider on the road; the thickets;
No alarm from the outpost nor picket;
Nor bayonet's gleam, nor flash of sword, nor
bullet's commission.

Quiet reigns—"Old Glory" floats triumphant over
all.

Jeff Davis and His "Cause."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: There seems to be no intelligible reason on Jeff Davis as he will appear in history. Do you call the laying of the cornerstone of his monument an estimate?

Stones are dumb, all the way up to the capstone. We have the estimate from a Southern standpoint. The young were urged to attend the ceremony in Richmond to perpetuate his memory and the principles his army fought for. Those principles were not specified. We had ears to hear, but could not hear.

There is only one fundamental principle to name. Jeff and his co-conspirators were riled up because they could not control elections in territory like Kansas, already free. The most God-forsaken of armed men from Georgia were sent to Kansas for this exact purpose, and were defeated by men like John Brown and his sons. It was a battle of ballots and bullets. It is no wild statement to say that thousands of the rank and file of the Southern army would like to have 100 acres of western land to-day. Did Jeff and his chivalrous supporters ever give their rank and file so much as one acre? Not one.

Their complaint now is that they are poor. What has made them so poor? Living on rented land, and living in shacks. They kick at pensions for Union soldiers, but do they not believe in pensions for disunion soldiers? Such is the lack. Are we not all taxed daily for this purpose? Yes, for Confederate monuments, too. Their rank and file thought they were "fighting for what is right." That is, a market for niggers. They wanted that market to extend to Kansas.

In this they were fighting directly against their own interests. I mean the interests of the rank and file, now so poor as to complain of their condition. Seven or eight years ago the Alliance was started. This took in these misguided men. No politics were tolerated. Economic questions were discussed. They seemed from their old disunion days. They are now, many of them, for 16 to 18 a remedy for their poverty. Here are more scales to fall from their eyes. Jeff believed in gold and transported it to his last ditch, if anyone knows where that is. They got neither gold nor land from Jeff. His first duty was to look out for himself, which he did. I am at a loss to find out the principles to be perpetuated. What will be the inscription on Jeff's monument? Was he not guilty of perjury? What is his greatest degradation? Let rebel pen pensioners by the 10,000 Yanks there started to death. But this is nothing. While Jeff and Lee had advanced civilization as to be horrified at the barbarism of Wirz in Richmond, they could tolerate 10 times as much from Wirz at Andersonville. This makes an estimate a hundred times worse than that of Benedict Arnold; one to be despised and rejected.—BENJ. F. PIERCE, Mount Holly, N. J.

Who Would Profit by It.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: If free silver carries, who makes the profit, the speculator who now holds all of the silver bullion or the miner who digs it out in the future? How much bullion (silver) is there now in the United States, and how long would it run the silver mints?—Phoenix, Ariz.

Most certainly the speculators who now hold immense stocks of silver for a "rise." No one can say with any degree of certainty just how much silver is so held, as it is against the interests of the speculators to let the extent of their holdings be known. We only know that it is immense—several hundred million dollars worth. There are warehouses in New York where silver bars are stacked up like pig-iron or lead or copper. As to how long it would take the mints to coin all this is another unanswerable question. If free silver should succeed there would at once be a demand for increased mint facilities, sufficient to work up the product in the shortest possible time and dollars would be turned out as rapidly as nickels or cents now are.—EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

MUSTERED OUT.

Veterans of the Country's Greatest Army
Who Have Answered the Last Call.

HILGARDER.—A Kansas City, Kan., June 13, Henry Hilgarder, Co. D, 6th Va. Cav., and Co. I, 17th W. Va. Cavalry, Hilgarder enlisted June 21, 1861, and served until June 20, 1865, when he was honorably discharged as Corporal. He was mustered into General J. Ransom Post, 203, in May, 1860, and at the time of his death held the office of Quartermaster. He was also a member of the Modern Woodmen. Resolutions were passed by both Orders.

KICK.—At Galion, O., July 7, Jacob Kick, Co. E, 101st Ohio, aged 56. Comrade Kick was Car Inspector on the Big Four, and while engaged in looking over the train was crushed. Comrade Kick was a member of Camp 143, U. V. L. A. widow and two children survive him.

PERRY.—At Van Wert, O., July 1, of heart disease, Robert Perry, Co. B, 6th Va. Cav., entered the volunteer service as a Sergeant in Co. K, 3d Pa. in 1861, and served gallantly through the war, receiving three brevets. He entered the Regular Army as a Sergeant, and was appointed Second Lieutenant of the 15th Inf. in 1863. He rose through the regular promotions in 1864, when he was appointed Major of the 12th Inf., which rank he held at the time of his death.

McGOWAN.—At Altoona, Pa., July 4, Charles A. McGowan, Co. A, 24th Pa. Inf., aged 44. He was a